

Silent Hope

~~~Vanshika Nanda

I used to weep, uncertain why,  
Now, when there's cause, no tears comply.  
I strive for a heart of frosty grace,  
But within, warmth I can't erase.  
Am I too aged to rekindle sorrow's art,  
To nurture the ability to weep from the heart?

In this broken, tired state, I dwell,  
Wounds and weariness, stories to tell.  
Life's weight upon my weary frame,  
Yet, within, I seek an ember of the same.

Eyes heavy, shoulders bowed low,  
Carrying burdens, emotions in tow.  
In the depths of this tired soul,  
A yearning to mend, to once again feel whole.

Once, I extended warmth to all I'd meet,  
Now, my kindness wanes, an incomplete feat.  
I long to be good to people once more,  
To bridge the gap my heart implores.

Though jaded and weary, a desire persists,  
To rediscover the kindness that once existed.  
Through life has left me craked and sore,  
I'll search for tears, my heart to restore

In this quest for renewal, I may find,  
A way to heal a heart that's intertwined;  
As I seek the kindness buried deep within,  
I'll rediscover the warmth, let a new chapter begin

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